

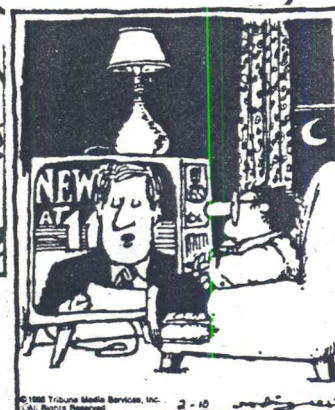
1 May 1986



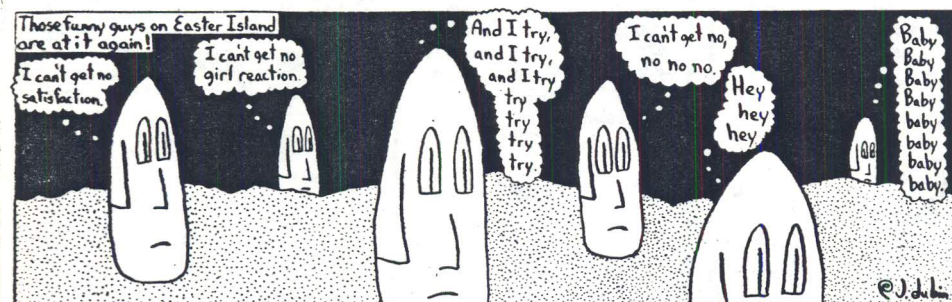
WHAT THE QUEEN
THREATENED TO DO WHEN
THE KING CAME HOME
LATE ONE NIGHT.



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"... And in nearby Oakmont, a pilot parachuted to safety today after his plane that was skywriting 'Have a Good Day!' was brought down by residents using shotgun and air rifle pellets, rocks and brickbats..."



Do you make pretty things? Want me to sell them for you? Call MEZ, 682-2517. So. Pasadena area.

—Ches-
lev Donovan to Louis XIV.



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Sensitivities vary from country to country. One Scandinavian manufacturer advertises its condoms as having been tested by a machine with 'the most sensitive penis in Sweden.'

JON WILL KILL ME IF HE FINDS OUT I LET RATS INTO THE HOUSE. I'LL LURE THEM OUT WITH THE OLD "PIED PIPER" PLOY



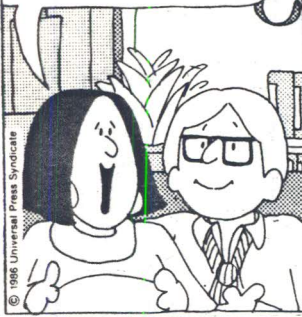
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OKAY, FAT BOY, LET'S TAKE IT FROM THE TOP



JIM DAVIS 4-4

OH, LUKE... I WANT THIS BABY TO HAVE ALL THE THINGS WE NEVER HAD.



YEAH...



WHAT'S WRONG, ANDREA?



I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING WE'VE NEVER HAD.



DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAID MARION WHO WAS CARRIED OFF BY EVIL THE BOLD?



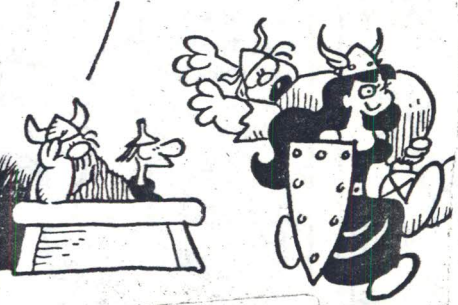
OF COURSE

ISN'T THAT HER DAUGHTER?



I THINK IT IS...

TIMES SURE ARE CHANGING



All-American Rioting

Thank God that the college students of the 1980s are not like the college students of the 1960s. In the 1960s they demonstrated for civil rights, opposed the war in Vietnam and campaigned for a nuclear test ban. What a bunch of Communists. The students of the 1980s raise their beer



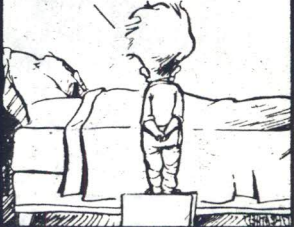
"SPRING IS WHEN WINTER AND SUMMER FIGHT TO SEE WHO GETS TO BE NEXT."

Chicken Shaker Swindle Alleged

ACTUALLY, IT'S QUITE NATURAL THAT TINA TURNER BELIEVES THAT SHE WAS ONCE A QUEEN IN ANCIENT EGYPT...



FOLKS LIKE MS. TURNER SIMPLY WOULD NEVER IMAGINE THEMSELVES AS ONCE HAVING BEEN, SAY, A ONE-LEGGED, HAIR-LIPPED, ALBINO ARMADILLO HERDER IN ANCIENT ST. LOUIS.



Ohno! It's the Commie Campfire Girls!



SENOR? WHAT NOW, JESUS? THEY ACCUSED ME OF COMING TO THIS COUNTRY JUST TO GET RICH!



I CAN'T SLEEP WITHOUT GUNFIRE. TURN ON THE TV. IT'S CRAZY! HOW DID JULIO IGLESIAS EVER GET A GREEN CARD?



Battle Stations, Everyone!

GRIMISHA HOBSESTER: PETER BROOK'S "Orghast" prelnit nid greister mun Margaret Croyden ladpaster squeltor obroony durwillist hentbacl a castno. Nonproster, yarm... hoit dreenyeny carbolt "Mar-at/Sade."

Groblasta tormly, IRA WALLACH New York City.

steins to toast the great American victories over Grenada, Libya and the impending overthrow of the Sandinistas and then, in their drunken frolic, go into the streets to pelt people with bottles and rip the clothes off women ["Youths' Rampage Over," March 30]. Now that is the American way. Nat Cirulnick Rosedale

ANAKREON

#30, APA-Filk Mailing #30

1 May 1986

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN READER GENERAL

(Tune: "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major General")

by Burr Kansas

I am the very model of a modern reader general.
I've information animal and vegetable and mineral.
I know the kings of England and I read the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical.
Tuesday I read a section on a juvenile's proclivity
For arson, rape, and other kinds of criminal activity.
On Thursday night I read about a poet who waxed lyrical
About his lady's raven locks each time the moon was spherical.

CHORUS: About his lady's raven locks each time the moon was spherical
About his lady's raven locks each time the moon was spherical
About his lady's raven locks each time the moon was spheri, spherical.

I've also read the recipes of Savarin and Paul Bocuse
For Coq au Vin and Crepes Suzettes and Ris de Veau and Charlotte Russe.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern reader general.

CHORUS: In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral
He is the very model of a modern reader general.

On Saturday I read about affairs contemporaneous
And gave descriptions of the maps in style extemporaneous.
I've struggled through the world's ecology but not biology.
I've read Socratic dialogue, philosophy, philology.
And some days I read psych and archaeology and other stuff,
The graphs and charts and diagrams and tables read without a fluff.
On Monday morn I read with care the math book elementary.
Before I quit the sound proof booth was like a penitentiary.

CHORUS: Before he quit the sound proof booth was like a penitentiary
Before he quit the sound proof booth was like a penitentiary
Before he quit the sound proof booth was like a peni, penitentiary.

My brain's a teeming storage place that's crammed with subjects recondite.
I sound like Richard Burton and I'm also very erudite.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern reader general.

CHORUS: In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
He is the very model of a modern reader general.

The filksong on the previous page, and the ones which follow, came to my rescue in the nick of time. Yesterday I had been wondering what would go into this issue of ANAKREON, since inspiration had not struck me, nor did I have any good new material from anyone else. But then I went down for my regular reading session at Recording for the Blind, and I found posted on the bulletin three filks to Sullivan tunes. I asked Ellen Flock, our harried and very competent studio director, and she informed me that they'd been written by a woman named Burr Kansas, for a meeting of the organization's Board of Directors. Three important parts of the operation are separately dealt with: reading, tape-checking, and supervision. Tape-checking is necessary to see that the tapes are in condition to be duplicated and sent out to RfB's clients. (I have sometimes been called down for reading too fast.)

SONG FOR TAPE CHECKERS

(Tune: "I've Got a Little List")

by Burr Kansas

It happens all too frequently, a lousy tape is found.
We've got a little list, we've got a little list
Of goofs and fluffs and errors with which the tapes abound,
Which never should be missed, which never should be missed.

There's the beep tone that is missing and the incoherent graph,
The item in the glossary that makes the reader laugh,
The correction that was poorly done, the voice that is flat;
The silence in the middle which confusion has begat,
The volume that's irregular, the esses that are hissed,
They should none of them be missed, should none of them be missed.

CHORUS: We've got them on a list, we've got them on a list,
And they never should be missed, they never should be missed.

There's the cough and yawn and hiccup and the errors not erased,
And vocal dogmatist -- We've got him on the list.
And readers who refuse to spell or do it with great haste,
They never would be missed, they never would be missed.

And the content cards that overlap beginnings of the track,
The dirty endings on the tape and cross-talk in the back.
The monitor who went to sleep because the reader droned
Omitted all the footnotes and the chapters were not toned.
And the one who drives us craziest, the text revisionist --
We don't think he'd be missed, we're SURE he'd not be missed!

CHORUS: We've got them on a list, we've got them on a list,
And they never should be missed, they never should be missed!

Readers at RfB seem to run more to experts in the social sciences and humanities than in the natural sciences. People read texts only on fields in which they've qualified, so that misprints may more easily be caught and equations and specialized vocabularies more knowledgeably read. I have qualified in physics, astronomy, chemistry, engineering, and advanced mathematics - fields quite alien from those of Ms. Kansas, to judge from the complaint she makes in "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Reader General". It is in these fields, and in computer science (soft and

hard ware) that readers are most urgently needed. I strongly urge any APA-Filk reader to get in touch with Recording for the Blind and volunteer for reading. If your voice isn't up to it, you are still needed to monitor the tapes and make sure that what is in the text is what goes on the tapes. If you live in or near New York City, telephone the New York City studio at 212-557-5720; it's located at 5th Avenue and East 45th St. If you live elsewhere in the country write to the national headquarters and ask where the studio nearest to you is. The national headquarters are at 20 Roszel Road, Princeton, N. J. 08540.

STUDIO DIRECTOR'S LAMENT

(Tune: "Here's a How-De-Do")

by Burr Kansas

Here's a how-de-do!
Thirty books are new!
Each is bigger than the last one
And more complex than the past one
One is in Urdu!
Here's a hōw-de-do!

CHORUS: Here's a how-de-do!

Here's a pretty mess!
In a month or less,
Seven hundred pages are due,
Economics readers are few.
Witness my distress!
Here's a pretty mess!

CHORUS: Here's a pretty mess!

Here's a state of things!
Every mail brings
Orders for a lot more students,
Thirty now on "Jurisprudence".
How my heart it wrings!

Here's the state of things!

CHORUS: Here's the state of things!

With a passion that's intense,
I really beg you and implore
You practice reticence
And send no textbooks by the score.
If what Tom says is true,
More books will yet ensue!
Here's a pretty state of things,
Here's a pretty how-de-do,
Here's a pretty state of things, a
pretty state of things!
Here's a how-de-, here's a how-de-,
here's a how-de-do!
For if what Tom says is true
And all those stacks of books are due
Here's a pret-ty, pret-ty state of
things.

CHORUS: Here's a pretty how-de-do!

Incidentally, it is not only the blind that benefit from RfB's services. Anyone who cannot easily use normal printed materials can qualify. One of our longest assignments was a ponderous text on steel-reinforced concrete beams, read for a woman who was going for a doctorate in engineering. She is not blind, but is very severely dyslexic. (Remember how Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle told us, in their fantasy novel Inferno, that there are no such things as dyslexic students - just incompetent teachers?) The book was over 900 pages long, and written in a deadly dull style, and there were only three readers in the local studio's stable who could handle it, so we were months on it. (Fortunately, much more interesting material has since come in.) So if you are, or know someone, who is dyslexic, or spastic, or must wear glasses and contact lenses simultaneously, get in touch with the Princeton address I've given above and ask for information.

THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association

devoted to that fascinating parodic art form known as "filksinging". It also goes to other people whom I think might be interested. The collation date for the 31st Mailing will be 1 August 1986; in all probability the actual assemblage of that Mailing will be here on the afternoon (not evening) of Saturday 2 August 1986.

This issue is likely to be quite curtailed. I have been extremely busy this spring, with such complications as a couple of bouts of flu, and time has been very short. So Mailing Comments and Yesterfilk will just have to be omitted from this issue, and with luck they can get into #31. It was, incidentally, the same shortage of thinking and typing time that caused me to indicate on the cover sheet of the last Mailing that it was the 8th Anniversary Issue. Actually, it was the 7th, as Mark Blackman pointed out and for which he did the pen correction.

So I'll leave it to the other contributors to give us the latest war-song against Lybia, or snide comments about Chernobyl. ("What's the five-day forecast in Kiev?" "Two days." "What's Russian, has feathers, and glows in the dark?" "Chicken Kiev.")

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is mailed to a number of people who have sent in money for postage and mailing. (Envelopes are 12¢ each.) The state of these postage accounts are listed below, as of 30 April. I can also print your contribution to APA-Filk if it comes in an a mimeo stencil that can run on a Gestetner machine. Printing costs are 2¢ per sheet per copy. The copy count of APA-Filk is 50. (Is there any interest in raising this?)

Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Margaret Middleton	\$2.40
Sean Cleary	\$6.51	Hugs Miller	\$20.00
Paul Doerr	\$1.88	Mark Richards	99¢
Harold Groot	\$4.86	Roberta Rogow	\$1.73
Jordin Kare	\$7.84	Kathy Sands	\$12.77
J. Spencer Love	\$1.94	Pete Seeger	\$8.56
Lesley Lyons	\$1.60	Glenn Simser	\$19.52
Matthew Marcus	\$17.45	Beverly Slayton	46¢
Randall McDougall	93¢	Peter Thiesen	\$14.01
		Sol Weber	\$3.80
		Rick Weiss	\$5.64
		Paul Willett	\$8.26
Including this Mailing			
your balance is now			

Accounts that are in arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Mike Rubin	-42¢
Dave Klapholz	-62¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Cheryl Lloyd	-30¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Dena Mussaf	-87¢		

Thanks to Marc Glasser, I now have an address for Rachel Kadushin, about whom I asked in the last issue. However, I no longer have an up-to-date address for Lesley Lyons, and would appreciate any help the other members of APA-Filk might be able to give me.

Dana Hudes, Bob Lipton, and Deirdre and Jim Rittenhouse get APA-Filk along with APA-Q, and the information on their accounts appears in the 245th Distribution of APA-Q, dated 3 May 1986. (APA-Q is an amateur press association on the literature of science-fiction, fantasy, comic art, historical fiction, murder mysteries, and anything else that may occur to its members. It is collated here every third Saturday, and the copy count is 35. Let me know if you're interested.)

SINGSPIN

30th Stanza
APA-Filk #30 for

Mark L. Blackman
1745 East 18th St. 4A
Brooklyn, NY 11229

4/25/86: I gnoring the snow
of a few days ago, Spring is
here, a-suh-puh-ring is here

and for those not poisoning pigeons in the park, thoughts turn (if they've
ever left) to the subject the May Pole is really about ...

SEX POTION 69

(tune - "Love Potion No. 9")

I took my troubles down to Dr. Ruth,
The little German with the "Good Sex" truth.
She's got a gig every Sunday night prime time
Selling little bottles of Sex Potion 69.

I told her that I really craved good sex.
"The answer to your problem's not complex,"
She quickly replied in a cheerful high-pitched whine,
"Young man, all you need is Sex Potion 69.

"Remember to use contraception," she said.
I promised. "Terrrrific!" She sent me to bed.*
It looked like sticky cream and smelled like parts of Times Square.**
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I drank my share.

I didn't care if it was day or night,
I had good sex whenever things were right.
But outraged moral arbiters called me a "godless swine"***
And broke my little bottle of Sex Potion 69.

So now I'm back to how it was before,
Those days of good sex, sadly, are no more.
I turn on the radio Sunday nights and pine.
I wonder if Joyce Brothers has some Sex Potion 69.

I had to begin again after losing my notes; no need to thank me. I am
well aware that there are some major scansion problems to be worked out.
*These 2 lines work best spoken. **Use your imagination for the sticky
stuff. Come on. ***Particular problems with this line. "Protectors of
morality" and "moral guardians" scanned even worse. Suggestions? (I
didn't want to single out any one religion or, given that in NYC it is
the Catholic Church most outraged by Dr. Ruth, I'd've done something
like "But when I asked a nun...") This is **not** autobiographical, people.

- & - THE MELODY LINGERS::Comments on APA-Filk #29 (7th Annish, John) - & -

COVER: Arthur Clarke says flags don't wave in space? What about the
wind from the sun? # Brian Burley claims a likeness to that Hägar strip. #
Simulcasting over tv and radio (for stereo) is still being done.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM/Margaret Middleton: As they're
already (un)dead, I doubt vampires can get AIDS - but might be carriers.

HARPINGS: Feel free to plumb APA-Filk for news.

SGZP#29: I heard a clever Mark Russell song, nicely using "Second-Hand
Rose", about how Imelda Marcos throws out her just-worn-once clothes - and
lost to a woman with just one yellow dress. And a silly fannish one:
"Like a dragon, flying for the very first time..."

ANAFREON/John Boardman: Collage: Nuclear Peace (think of Pax Romana).
// The 30¢ subway token was called the Lindsay Inaugural Medal. Now Koch
has one too. // But there's so much other stuff to do at a con where filk-
ing is just one activity. // There is one word in "Banned from Argo" di-
rectly from Star Trek: pon farr. // I believe it's Jack Valenti who's had
insomnia for the past 17 years (no wonder he watches all those movies). //
"I have not taken the trouble to make it rhyme, scan or be singable."
Neither do many filkers much of the time. // NYC one has been shifted to
July 11-13, 1986. See a few of you there. mb

JERSEY FLATS #7, May 1986

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn NJ 07410-1124

Spring is Springing... sort of. One day freezing, next day baking. Whoever called New Jersey the Temperate Zone had a sense of humor!

CONVENTION STUFF

"Baltimore's Revenge" was ClipperCon ...see, in 1978, a bunch of Baltimore fans got snowed into New York at a Trolley-Con...this year, Baltimore Strikes Back! The New York Fans were snowed into Baltimore! Unfortunately, the Baltimore municipal authorities seem to have the idea that Baltimore is a SOUTHERN city, therefore, why waste money on snow removal equipment? The white stuff just sits there until it melts off...

I was able to filk somewhat...there was a Friday Night Performance Filk, with the Denebian Slime devils, Kobyashi Maru Glee Club, Howie Weinstein, & me in attendance...Saturday night was the "Round Robin", with Kathy Sands doing the honors...I was able to get enough people into "The Fannish Orchestra", and since Kathy was able to do the "bassoon/Dr. Who" part, it came out really well. There weren't too many other guitarists available, but a lot of singers...

LunaCon was not a 'big filkers' Con...I wound up doing most of the playing myself with John Boardman & co. taking turns singing 'acapulco'. After 3 hours my fingers start to go...but we gave the Mundanes something to talk about, since the only way to go was in the hall! We had the ballroom after the Friday night party, while the workmen took up the floor..."Sing LOUD, folks!"

For me the REAL filking Con is BaltiCon -- for one thing, Leslie Fish was GoH, which automatically meant that there would be a lot of prime-time filkers in attendance; for another, I knew that a lot of the Baltimore types would be hanging around. No snow this time...Easter weekend was idyllic. So was the filking...and as a kind of fillip to the weekend, I picked up a "Most Humorous" in Joundeyman Division award at the Masquerade...I was "A Really Revolting Troll", in a crocheted tunic, fright wig, and panty hose with TOENAILS! And I carried a picket sign: "Billy Goat Unfair to Troll"...and pranced on to the "Mountain King" music from Peer Gynt....the judges fell down laughing!

The filking began after Costuming...which meant I came in a little late, since I had to get out of the makeup. It was "Get-Fish" night...everyone had a filk on one of Leslie's tunes. The only thing that wasn't in the room was AIR...there were about 150 people in a room meant to hold 10!

Saturday was less crowded...and a lot longer...Leslie was scheduled for an hour a 'performance' at 10, but the filkers started to assemble at 8...and Kathy asked me to run things...as I put it, this is like asking the fox to guard the hen-house! If there was ever a turn-jumper, it's be (she says unblushingly).. But Greg Baker was on hand, and Claire Maier, and Crystal Hagel showed up, and various others, and for two hours we played "Can You Top This"...the only hard moment being when Greg got emotional about Challenger (understandably so)...Leslie was suffering from a really ghod-awful cold, so she had to hold back a little, but we did get to hear some of her newest output (I loved "Kahdaffi's Privateers")..then we went into a Round Robin for another two hours! By the time I crawled into bed I'd had enough...I couldn't touch a guitar..I THOUGHT...

And so, I did what I was supposed to do, I got my little award, I sold a few 'zines (enough to pay for room & board)...and off I went, up I-95, with daughter in tow, to get to New York by 9:30 to get her onto the bus for Great Barrington...

And THAT is when Sunny's transmission ground to a dead stop! AAAAAARRGH!

Yes, there I was on I-95, with two kids and no transmission...and along came Jacqueline Lichtenberg (with whom I'd been rooming in BaltiCon) and she picked up Louise and Susan, and got Louise to school (Blessings upon her!) since Judy Segal (who was driving with Jacqueline) lives not 25 miles away from Simon's Rock...

Meanwhile, I was at the mercy of the local towers...who turned out to be heart-of-gold types! They towed Sunny off to the nearest AAMCO station, I was able to call in the fannish troops, and between a major loan from the fannish friends (Sue and Rich Fine, God Loves You, and so do I!) and some fast work by AAMCO, I was back on the road about 24 hours after I broke down. But I don't think anyone but fans would have come through like that.

Sue Fine is also a filker... I hauled my guitar with me when I got picked up; the two of us filked all night, then called in Patti Kinlock of the Kobyashi Maru Glee Club for re-inforcements the next day!

So much for Current Events...I'll be going to LastCon Fore, and Shore Leave this summer...and whatever Creation Cons are around. Don't know yet about NYClone.. at the moment it's in such a state of flux I can't really commit myself.

COMMENTS TO OTHER PEOPLE

To John Boardman: OK, I'll throw your verses to "Girlwatchers' Guide to Star Wars" in when and if I do a "REC-ROOM RHYMES SECOND OMNIBUS", which is supposed to incorporate RRR #3 and #4 --And thanx for the translations of Greg's songs. I have enough trouble singing in English, now ya gotta hang French on me?

FANNISH PEEVES

I got a copy of "Harpings" from Margaret Middleton, along with a lot of stuff from the Ohio Valley Filk Festival...which included forms for Filk Awards. Since I never get to OVFF, and I doubt that anyone would nominate me there, I shouldn't have gotten into the kind of huff I did... BUT...

Said awards were for 'original' music ONLY!

In other words, there were going to be awards for Best Filker (male & female) Best Filksong (original tune and lyrics) and Best Parody -- to an 'original' filk tune! At which point I said...HEY! This is not FAIR!

Correct me if I'm wrong (and I am sure I WILL be!), but I thought that parody was the heart of Filking! That the real fun comes when we take an otherwise innocuous pop or folk tune and give it a twist that turns it into something outrageous. And how can you do that to a tune that no one outside a small coterie has ever heard???? We are talking ACCESS here!

Let's face it...except for the relative few who can afford it, most fans are tied to a particular geographical area by economics, if not by minor considerations like family/job/etc. So, unless the 'performing filker' travels, there isn't much chance for someone like me to hear Coulson or Fish...!Oh, you say, "you have to buy their tapes!"

Things like that REALLY get my back up! Are you now telling me that I MUST seek out these things, and spend money on electronic gadgets, and otherwise extend myself, or I am not a True Filker? What the HELL have I been doing for ten years???

I vented all this spleen on Margaret, who pointed out, quite rightly, that it's possible the OVFF was worried about copywrites...and what about Fish's copywrites?????

OK...there is a loud crunching of sour grapes in the above comments, because they very effectively cut me out from any participation in this so-called contest, and limit it to a very small number of people, ALL of whom deserve awards, because they are all supremely talented and witty, and good musicians. But there are some witty and talented people who simply do not write their own music, and who do not necessarily feel like borrowing the 'original' songs for filking purposes.

The NESFA Hymnal prints parodies based on non-filks. So does Westerfilk. I strongly suggest that the OVFF think over their restrictions, and either expand

their horizons or else admit their true intentions and close their ranks, and let the rest of us have FUN!

SONG STUFF

There are several versions of "Few Hours" going around. This one is mine, sort of adapted from the several:

(to the tune of "Few Days" by Leslie Fish

I can't stay in the filk-sing long (Few hours, few hours)

I can't stay in this filk-sing long (And I am going to sleep)

I just have time for one more song;

It's only fifty verses long.

I think I heard a kapo snap...

Oh, that's what landed in my lap!

I've just discovered a new sound...

I'll sing my music upside down!

I think the air is getting thin...

One molecule of oxygen!

I can't stay in this filk -sing long (few hours, few hours)

I can't stay in this filk-sing long (and I am going to sleep!)

This one was inspired by the knowledge that I've been at this Star Trek business for TWENTY YEARS!(of which ten were wasted as a 'closet Trekker')

To the tune of "He's an Old Hippie"

She started watching STAR TREK in the '60's when it first came on the air;

And she wrote the protest letters when they cancelled it, and said it wasn't fair;

And she cheered the 'Animated's and lined up for movie shows,

And she's bought all of the novels, and the brand-new videos,

And she calls herself a Trekker, not a Trekkie...cause that's the way it goes!

Chorus: She's an old Trekker, and she's feeling kind of blue,

Is it really twenty years? Can it be that we're all 'through?

She's an old Trekker, knows Star Wars was just a bust,

She's not out to change her lifestyle, the rest of the world must adjust!

She's been buying STAR TREK fanzines since they started back in 1966;

And she sighs about the "Good Old Days" before they got to look so 'pro' and slick;

~~She's~~ got memorabilia dating since I-Chaya was a pup,

And she's got a stack of artwork she's too busy to put up,

And she scrams about those 'K/S''zines, and fondly recalls Grup.

She had kittens when the Star Wars saga came and took the fans away from TREK,

And she sneered at poor "Buck Rodgers", and she cheered when "Battlestar" became a wreck*

And she points out that the newer shows are just as frail as sieves,

and they cannot give the satisfaction only STAR TREK gives,

And the one thing that she's sure about is after twenty years... STAR TREK LIVES!

PLUGPLUGPLUGPLUGPLUGPLUG

REC-ROOM RHYMES #3 is pretty nearly gone. RRR #4 is down to 35 copies. Now what do I do?

I am taking suggestions: I can :A) reprint #4 ;B) Do a new one, #5; or C) incorporate #3 and #4 into a SECOND OMNIBUS, with a few additions of "new stuff", i e "The Ship" and "Fact/Fiction" and the extra verses to "Girlwatcher's Guide to Star Wars"

If anyone wants to make their feelings know BEFORE July, do send me a post card!

I have also taken the first steps towards making a REC-ROOM RHYMES tape... I've got a date to record the Master Tape. After that, it's a question of MONEY... getting enough of it to reproduce at least 50 of them. The first tape will probably be Trek stuff, since that's what I'm mostly known for...and I may do a Star Wars tape as well. And I'm open to some more suggestions????

There are a couple of filk-books floating about:

Sue Fine's lyrics are in the Kobyashi Maru Song Book-- very funny Trek/Dr. Who/Star Wars stuff. Write to her at 3201 DuBoise Ave, Parkville MD 21234.

More of Sue Fine, also Susan Landerman, D.W. Chong and many others (me, too!) in Filking Notes, which is available from Meldoy Rondeau, 1853 Fallbrook Ave San Jose CA 95130

And if you are a real glutton for punishment, and know your pop/rock charts, Claire Maier's filks are a howl...almost all Trek, and totally crazy...who else would have something called "Beam Me Up Before I Go-Go"? Write to her at 11716 Stonington Pl, Silver Spring MD 21211

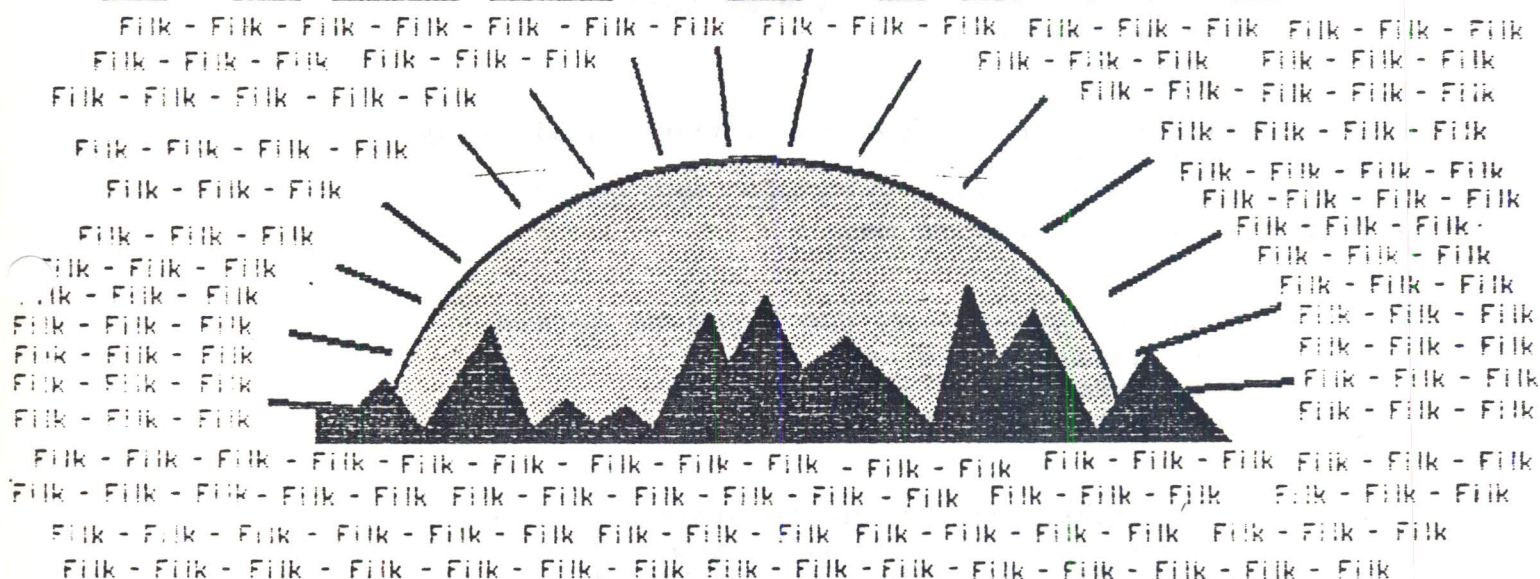
And does anyone have the address of Cyndee Davis? I sent her stuff and got it back, and I owe her two 'zines, with a third on the way!

REC-ROOM RYMES #4 is still around (although I don't know for how long...see above notes)...and there are various filks in GRIP...including one in the upcoming #24 about Conan the Barbarian to the tune of "Black Leather Jacket..."(or is it the "Terror of Highway 101"?)

Look for me at Creation Cons in May and June...at LastCon in Albany...at Shore Leave in Baltimore in July...and at the World-Con...

Keep on Trekkin' -- Forcefully!

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN



Verse 8, part 1

by Harold Groot 2285 Deborah Dr. #2 Santa Clara CA 95050

Well, the great Filk Styles Debate rages on, and nothing seems to be happening. I've already given my opinions, so I won't rehash them here. Instead, I will give you a hope and a memory.

I hope that Filk Concerts will be added to regular Con programming. It provides an opportunity to showcase our best people and have concentrated good filking, lets people know a time and place to show up to hear (and possibly tape) that marvelous new song, and might let us recruit some of the day people who don't know what they're missing.

The memory comes from NOREASCON 2. What brought it to mind was what Matthew Marcus reported regarding a certain Lunacon. Bob Asprin came in, took over, and Organized the sing. Bob had also done that at NOREASCON, rubbing several filkers the wrong way. Instead of saying anything I simply wrote a filksong. Items in the verses are true. I considered publishing it back then, but Margaret Middleton informed me that Bob had been behaving much better after NOREASCON 2, so I decided not to.

SONG OF THE BAR CHORD

by Harold Groot

(tune: Song of the Dark Horde / Tomorrow Belongs To Me)

The hands on my timepiece are pointing straight up,
The booze and the soda are free,
I don't have to rotate and take my turn
This filksing belongs to me.

I'll tell other singers the songs they should play,
Then I'll take the next two or three,
And if you don't like it this way, WHO CARES,
This filksing belongs to me.

My mouth it has grown much too large to defend,
My ego's as large as the sea,
I'll trample whomever I like, because
This filksing belongs to me.

A neo is strumming and trying to start,
But I'll drown her out and you'll see,
The morning will come before she can sing,
This Filksing belongs to me.

The sun is a-rising and people have left
To search for their own destiny
They can't find it here 'cause they won't be heard
This filksing belongs, this filksing belongs, this filksing
belongs to me
This filksing belongs, this filksing belongs, this filksing
belongs to me

While my own filking has been rather quiet of late, I did get a chance to drag a newcomer to BAYFILK. Her name is Heather Alexander. She writes her own words and music, plays guitar and violin, sings very well, and is generally a neat person to be around (unfortunately, she's already engaged to someone else!). Off Centaur is putting two of her songs on their tapes (one a duet where I took the harmony). I am hoping that she'll get her own tape someday when Off Centaur gets more of her material. She sang most of her stuff on Sunday, When Off Centaur wasn't taping. Oh, well, maybe next time....

The con as a whole was good, with the only major complaint being that it suffered from over-programming (not just my opinion, it was voiced by many). Perhaps it was just too much of a good thing?

It started with a concert on Friday night (starting an hour late in true fannish style). The concert was scheduled to run from 7 PM to Midnight (5 hours). It actually took six hours, so with the late start it ended a little after 2 AM (and the Bardic Circle didn't get underway until nearly 3).

The programming that I got to the next day (a dulcimer workshop) was very good - they just needed a larger room! The evening got underway with the GOLDEN BOUGH (always good), followed by the one-shots (very high overall quality), with a guest appearance by a regimental bagpipe unit (don't quote me on the regimental part - there was a large military group holding a reunion, we heard the bagpipes warming up, and invited them over). They played with spirit and precision (it's hard to get 10 or so bagpipes to cut off together). After that came the Group Sing part. I had spotted a friend I hadn't seen in a long time, so I took off while leaving the tape player running and a friend to watch it. I'm glad I did (leave it running), since there was a lovely rendition of "When I was a Young Man" (beautiful harmony work), followed by Peter S Beagle playing his tune for it (not "The Ash Grove"). (By the way, apparently Peter had never heard his song sung to the Ash Grove before!). An ice cream social followed, and many people left. Although the moderator requested that we keep things going in a group mode, the moderator soon left. It stayed group for a while, then degenerated into chaos. At the end one group started hogging all the action. Rather than protest (I think I've learned my lesson), I simply got up to leave. This triggered the final exodus (well, after all it was 4 AM), at which point one of the group apologized for hogging things.

One of the best pieces of the whole con was when Bill Sutton asked Heather to back him on a piece (totally improv for Heather). Unfortunately, Off Centaur was no longer taping and I was switching cords (there was a complicated set-up with mikes, power and line cords feeding from one recorder to another, and whenever anybody left it took a few moments to patch it back together again). RATS!

Sunday saw a memorial sing for the Challenger crew, more one-shots, and finally another Bardic (which Off Centaur didn't tape). Heather sang a number of good songs there, but they'll have to wait for another con. You can see that there was a lot of really good stuff happening, but that meant that the only "Open" spots were Friday night after 3 AM, Saturday night after 2 AM, and Sunday afternoon after about 2 PM.

My own song for challenger didn't quite come together by the con. I set it aside, and a new one grabbed me a few days later and said "write me, write me". So I did.

ONE KIND FAVOR

by Harold Groot

Tune: One Kind Favor (as arranged/adapted by Peter, Paul & Mary)

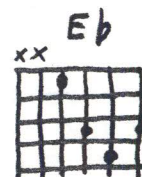
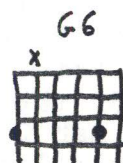
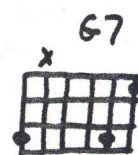
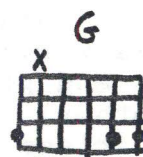
G G7 G6 G7 G
 There's one kind favor I'd ask of you
 G G7 G6 G7 G
 There's one kind favor I'd ask of you
 G G7 G6 G7 C Eb
 There's one kind favor I'd ask of you
 G G7 D G G7 G6 G7 G G7 G6 G7
 See that the dream is kept alive

They blasted off the launching pad
 They blasted off the launching pad
 They blasted off the launching pad
 Seven flying for us all

Did you ever see a fireball
 Did you ever see a fireball
 Did you ever see a fireball
 Not the first and not the last

We knew it was not "If" but "When"
 We knew it was not "If" but "When"
 We knew it was not "If" but "When"
 Didn't have to be this soon

There's one kind favor I'd ask of you
 There's one kind favor I'd ask of you
 There's one kind favor I'd ask of you
 See that the dream is kept alive



Isoscan #3

Matthew Marcus

From the Tent of Cacophonix the Bard

1. Song of Marsupial Fandom

Hi, all! I've just got back from Australia, New Zealand, and Las Vegas. The latter was the strangest of all. I went on a vacation tour with about 16 Mundanes, none under 50, so there wasn't much chance to do anything fannish, especially filking. However, within walking distance of my hotel in Sydney, there was a comics shop and an SF bookstore. Also, I managed to drum up an excuse to sing "The Songs of Marsupial and Monotreme Fandom" to the busload of Mundanes I was with. They liked it! Hmmm, I guess there's hope for everyone. I also planned to take the words to "Son of a Scoundrel", but forgot to. Maybe there ARE guardian angels.

Travel seems to be a good source of ideas for filk. For instance, a trip to China resulted in:

See China and Buy
(Tune: Engineer's Hymn, by L. Fish)

I'm stuck inside this Friendship Store where much against all sense
I look at items bearing prices small or quite immense.
I've seen them once, I've seen them twice, in ev'ry kind of light.
I've only bought the same thing thrice, now I dream of them by night.

Some jade looks just like Vaseline, and doesn't cost too much.
Other stone is apple-green, you pay much more for such.
Some is jadeite, some nephrite; which is which I ask?
Telling good stuff from the bad's a formaDIBLE task.

The Government has made this land a knick-knack buyer's dream.
Experience has taught me to, frugality esteem.
For those who cannot carry all they've bought are fools indeed.
When they get back to the States, a hand-truck they will need.

Next time I leave America, I solemnly declare
I won't buy any jewelry, even if it's rare.
Embroidery is out of bounds, however fine the work;
I will just zip right on by the US Customs clerk.

Next time I leave America, an awful notion goes,
It will prove very difficult to do as I propose.
The jade will wink and beckon, and the cloisonne the same.
I will come back loaded down, to my eternal shame.

In case it wasn't obvious from the song, Friendship Stores are Government-run chachka shops where only foreigners may shop. You can also see where half the words came from - "Filker's Revenge" and "Beauraucrat's Hymn".

While the China trip yielded several filks (most being too specialized to use here), the Australia voyage yielded only one. Curiously, this one was about something that didn't happen on the trip, but has happened to me before, so grab your mal bags as Dr. Fermento goes South of the Border:

Beware of Non-Sentient Chili, Too
(Tune: Dammit, I can't remember the name of the tune I used!)

The National Dish was
Purple and Green
Eaten with fingers and served to us out of a dirty tureen.

Now I feel funny
Purple and green
I got a souvenir nobody in the States has ever seen, ohhh (groan here)

Chorus:
Maalox now! (Ampicillin,)
Lomotil (Penecillin,)
KaOPEctate,
Gotta down ev'ry nostrum and hope to recover
Soon!

They said what was in it
Pizzles and spleen
Garnished with eyeballs and served with a sauce made from creatures marine.

I figured "They eat it,
It must be all right".
I didn't know that they left it to stand in the heat overnight, ohhh

Chorus

So, fellow trav'lers,
This, you it behooves,
Don't eat a dish that's been out in the sun for so long that it moves.

Though you like to travel,
Germs like it too.
To them you're a cruise ship with board and a room with a view, ohhh

Chorus

2. Begin the Boskone

Boskone was a good filkin' con. Filks ranged from stray cats 'n dogs to performance to concert. The performance by Julia Ecklar raised an interesting question: If there's ose, and more-ose, what comes next? I had a hunch about what was coming when I saw that one of the songs was called "Bloodchild". It captured the flavor of the eponymous story, which was about what you'd expect from the title. Ever heard of parasitic wasps? Ugh!

I had my best and worst filking experiences at that con. The worst was blanking out in

the middle of a song at a circle. The best was when someone sang one of my songs without prompting and without knowing I was in the audience. This had never happened to me before. Egoboo! Egoboo!

The filk contest was, as usual, full of Good Stuff. One of these days, Real Soon Now, I'll get a tape recorder since my unaided memory won't capture a song on one hearing. Anybody got a recording of "Half a Flying Wreck"?

I think I'll sign off now. So long, and thanks for all the filk.

NYC|one

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

NYCLONE will be held July 11-13, 1986, at the Hyatt Regency New Brunswick, New Brunswick NJ. PLEASE NOTICE THE CHANGE OF DATE AND LOCATION. It will be a traditional science fiction convention. There will be no registration charged for staff who satisfactorily complete at least 12 hours staff duty. (There will be a \$15 refundable staff deposit, which will be kept separate from other convention funds.) Please return this form as soon as possible to

Cathryn Palfy, STAFF DIRECTOR, NYC|one
POB 608, Belle Mead NJ 08502

Name:

Phone: () -

Address:

I wish to volunteer for (check all that apply)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art Show | <input type="checkbox"/> Masquerade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Computers | <input type="checkbox"/> Medical, specify: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Con Suite | <input type="checkbox"/> Program |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dealersroom | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Show |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Films | <input type="checkbox"/> Registration |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Games | <input type="checkbox"/> Security |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Headquarters | <input type="checkbox"/> Video & Starblazers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Logistics | <input type="checkbox"/> other, specify: |

Volunteer Consent and Release

This is to certify that I have freely volunteered my services to NYC|one, a convention sponsored by The Metropolitan Fantasy, Wargaming, & Science Fiction Association, Inc., a tax-exempt educational society duly qualified under section 501c(3) of the Internal Revenue Code as amended. I understand that I will be given no compensation for my time.

I further understand that the convention, its officers, agents, and servants, and the corporation, together with its agents, servants, and officers, cannot assume any responsibility with respect to me or my property. I therefore waive all rights, claims, and actions against the above named parties unless due to gross negligence. I am at least 18 years old (unless my parent or guardian signs below).

I give my permission for reasonable medical care to me except as noted below, in the event of an emergency or where I am unable to give my own informed consent.

Signature _____ Date _____

Signature _____ Date _____
of parent or guardian if volunteer is under 18

ESOTERICON '87

WHEN: January 16, 17 & 18, 1987

WHERE: Esotericon IV is being held at the Hyatt Regency in New Brunswick NJ. For hotel information and directions call or write the Regency at, 2 Albany St. New Brunswick, NJ 08901. Phone: (201)-873-1234 Telex: 833092

Room rates are: single-\$50, double-\$55, triple-\$60, and quad-\$65, a night. Room reservations can be made using the number above.

PREREGISTRATION: For the weekend

Now till June 31, 1986 -----\$20.00

Esotericon is the place where religion, the occult, science fiction, and magic all come together to create an unforgettable learning and sharing experience. There will be workshops where one can learn, improve, or even teach skills, with others who share your interests. This year's programs will include workshops on the tarot, divination, soothsaying, and psychic healing. There will also be continuations of workshops done the previous year, for those interested in further study.

In addition there will be many standard features including filksinging, art show and auction, video programs, open gaming, the masquerade, and the dealer's room, as well as scheduled music programs. We plan to have many returning guests, as well as some new guests and new areas of interest. We will have everything you will need for a weekend of experiences that you will never forget. Send in your memberships early because registration will be limited this year.

Art show information? Contact Nybor / Rt. 2 Box 272 / Kaiser WV 26726
Do not send art work!!!!

-----tear here to use registration form-----

Please send to Esotericon '87
PO Box 22775
Newark, NJ 07101

Please make checks payable
to Esotericon '87

Name _____

Number of registrations _____

Address _____

Amount sent \$ _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Also attending _____, _____,
_____, _____

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The all new
Laser Light Show

Magical Mystery Tour

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And I Love Her Can't Buy Me Love I Feel Fine
Eight Days A Week Ticket To Ride Help
Norwegian Wood Drive My Car Nowhere Man
Day Tripper We Can Work It Out
Good Day Sunshine Yesterday Rock 'N Roll Music

Strawberry Fields Forever
While My Guitar Gently Weeps
Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds
Come Together
Octopus' Garden
Let It Be
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
A Day In The Life

Encore:

Golden Slumbers
Carry That Weight
The End

*Selections and their order subject to change.

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NUKE THE KAZOO #6

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Postal: 19 Broadway Terr. #C, NYC, NY 10040 Usenet: (seismo, ucbrax, etc.) | topaz: | rubin Internet: rubin@topaz.rutgers.edu

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS SECTION:

More job-hopping. I'm now at Timeplex Inc. in northern NJ, reverse-commuting from Washington Depths (not Heights - Broadway Terrace is in the valley between two 150-foot hills!). Not the world's most interesting job but it pays money. Of course I'm now on the other horn of the usual fannish dilemma: when unemployed, there's not enough money to spend on fanac; when employed, there's not enough time - also known as "There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Weekend."

Most recent con was Balticon (more on which see below). Leslie Fish was music GoH, and due to Murphy's Law arrived with a bad cold. This limited her range to only three-and-a-half octaves... she fortified herself with various antihistamines and beverages, including a bottle of wine (supplied by Liz Sommers) that had a plain brown label with the brand name "Cheap Red Wine" printed in stencil-type lettering. The Friday night filk became an unofficial Leslie Fish Roast; everybody did their filks of her songs (I did "Contractor's Waltz", which has appeared in an earlier APA-Filk), and she didn't even shoot, strangle or karate-kick anybody! She also displayed a most amazing gizmo she'd been given: a canister of activated charcoal into which a nicotine addict may put the other end of her cigarette, for use in places like filk rooms where smokers are usually beaten to death.

Saw an article in one of the computer magazines last month that talked about the large number of science-fiction fans on computer networks, and gave a paragraph to the filk conference on Compuserve. Also got a flyer for something called "MusicNet", which seems to be a BBS (computer bulletin board) for synthesizer players. However, they charge \$75 a year and up, in contrast to most BBS's which are free.

NO NOTES IS GOOD NOTES SECTION:

Someone Else's Room... / *Middletown*: The Post Awful doesn't really want to get mail out of Manhattan that fast; they're just low on storage space.

Jersey Flats / Rogow: It's Jack Carroll.

Anakreon / Boardman: I'm not convinced by your argument that coffeehouses and folksingers and intellectual do-gooders have displayed "complete ineffectiveness" in changing the course of politics. Bringing down governments isn't their function. Certainly Tuli Kupferberg, or even the Smothers Brothers or Bob Dylan, didn't convert many people from hawks to doves overnight; usually they were preaching to the already pious. But folksingers aren't political leaders; they are signs of a trend, part and parcel of any popular movement that includes at least some intellectuals. Unfortunately, intellectuals are often on the losing side of revolutions because they don't like shooting their enemies. But sometimes they win. The American Revolution worked, and folks like John Adams came out of intellectual letter-writing societies. The civil rights movement (mostly) worked, singing "We Shall Overcome". The Philippine revolution seems to have worked, and I'd like to hear what the Filipinos were singing. • I second your recommendation of the Rivendell Bookshop. Rómenna, the NY-NJ Tolkien discussion group, holds many of its meetings there.

NO NOISE IS GOOD NOISE SECTION:

Balticon was held in a hotel not quite large enough to accommodate it. The dealers' room looked like a sardine can; the Baltimore L-5 Society was simulating outer space by running its science panels in an airtight room about the size of a Gemini capsule; convention rooms were sold out months before the con, and I am told that even the full price rooms sold out. Most of the later arrivals (including Yrs Truly) spent most of Friday night looking for crash space. This reminded me of a song that I had started some time ago but put aside for lack of inspiration. I scribbled the chorus on a scrap of paper, handed it to Crystal Hagel who wrote a first verse, then remembered a few other memorable hotels I'd been at; we got it done by late (real late) Saturday night.

Lyrics ©1986 by M. Rubin and C. Hagel.

Tune: either "Lord of the Dance" or "Simple Gifts".

CHORUS: Crash, crash, wherever you may be
The con suite is closed, it's a quarter past three
[for "Simple Gifts" tune: ...and it's half past three]
But I'll sleep with you if the closet is free
For they're out of space at the con, said he.

There's fans on the sofa and there's fans on the bed,
Except for the snoring you'd think that they were dead.
And more folks on the floor, over which I just fell
'Cause it's ninety bucks a night in this hotel.

[CHORUS]

The nearest outside food is a ten-mile trip;
The bouncing potatoes are twenty bucks plus tip.
No snacks in the snack bar, empty Coke machines in halls,
And the fans are eating soap and the paper off the walls.

[CHORUS]

This hotel was built for guppies and they don't like fans at all;
We don't shop at the boutiques in their guppie mall.
The guppie staff all sneer at the wierd costumed fan;
I know of one hotel that won't see a con again.

[CHORUS]

NO NEWS WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH BETTER NEWS SECTION:

As this issue was going to press NASA launched a weather satellite on a Delta rocket, just about the only reliable launch vehicle left in the U.S. after we lost a Shuttle and a Titan. It blew up. Once is an accident; twice is a coincidence; but three times is a conspiracy!! Then again, the Russians aren't having too much luck with fail-safe devices either.... (Best quote from a U.S. official: "The Soviets should be radioing 'Mayday', not celebrating May Day.")

A co-worker of mine used to design computer systems at nuclear power plants, and has been telling stories about it over lunch. Apparently there are so many contractors and subcontractors and unions and regulatory agencies involved that nobody is clearly responsible for anything, and it's a wonder any work gets done at all. I suspect the same situation prevails at NASA, not to mention the 63rd Street Subway, and wonder whether we're reaching a limit on the size of any human endeavor under current systems of management. This does not bode well for massive projects like space colonies.

—MR

NUKE THE KAZOO

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